

PRELIMINARIES

Holland Finds Outlay for Terminal in New York Justified.

Samuel B. Holland, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, thought it worth while to reply to a recently published criticism of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for building on Manhattan near the Hudson River one of the most beautiful railway stations in the world.

The critic felt sure that the expenditure of millions for this station was unjustified and that it reflected the disposition to extravagance and ostentation of which railway managers have been sometimes accused.

President Holland replied that this station was not built for the present day alone but for the future and he might have added, as one of his predecessors, A. J. Cassatt, did that the future reached as far as the midyears of the present century at least, perhaps farther.

Terminals Outgrown.

When Commodore Vanderbilt caused the first terminal of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company to be built in 1871 at Forty-second street, New York, he said that he was certain that it would be good for any conceivable business his railroad might be called upon to handle for at least fifty years. Within ten years the company was compelled to enlarge the station and a few years later greatly to enlarge it and some five years ago erected upon the site the new Grand Central Terminal, which compares well in size and architectural features with the Pennsylvania Terminal, which fronts the Hudson River.

President B. also said that the company had in view the expansion of traffic from New England to Pennsylvania, the South and Southwest. That was in fact the original conception of A. J. Cassatt and it was one of the reasons which led him as president of the Pennsylvania Railroad to buy the controlling interests in the Long Island Railroad.

President B. might, for a concrete illustration, have called attention to the fact that New England is about to be brought into actual physical contact with Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. For an illustration of what was in the minds of the Pennsylvania and New Haven people when they jointly built the gigantic bridge which spans Hell Gate and brings Boston and New England into actual physical contact with the Pennsylvania system.

Boston to Washington.

When that bridge, which is one of the wonders of bridge construction, was completed two or three years ago, an announcement was made that the New Haven Railroad Company in co-operation with and, so far as train movements were concerned, in actual co-ordination with the Pennsylvania system, was to operate a train between Boston and Washington. It is inevitable that, with the establishment of this long-distance, through-train service whereby St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston are to be brought into very close contact with New York, or, rather, with Washington, there will be other through trains established in due time. It is understood to be in contemplation to schedule a through train between Boston and New Orleans. Whether by way of Washington or Cincinnati is not known.

Already through freight facilities have been furnished through the utilization of the Long Island Railroad the Pennsylvania Railroad can receive from New England or send to New England unbroken freight trains.

Vision Like a Seer's.

A. J. Cassatt's vision was that of a seer. His intuition of the future of railroad wonders. He was much criticized when he laid before his associates of the Pennsylvania the stupendous plan which involved the building of tunnels under the Hudson River, a very great terminal on Manhattan whence proceeded tunnels under Manhattan and under the East River to Long Island where a junction was to be made with the Long Island Railroad system.

His associates of the Pennsylvania management did not criticize President Cassatt, but they were not convinced that President Cassatt had let his imagination run away with him. But when the Pennsylvania announced that in co-operation and joint ownership with the New Haven Railroad Company the Pennsylvania would build what seemed to many engineers a bridge over the construction excepting at prohibitive cost with a gigantic span very lofty, involving long and circuitous approach, the Long Island Railroad system of New Haven then criticism was almost unending.

But President Cassatt built even better than he knew. His wonderful system of tunnels and bridges made New England, heretofore an almost insulated community because separated from the mainland by the Hudson River, now an integral part of the transportation system of the freight and passenger, whereby the South, the Southwest and the lower West are brought into what are substantial family relations.

When War is Ended.

By and by, when the war is ended and when the railroad situation has been substantially cleared, these great engineering undertakings conceived by President Cassatt and accepted by the New Haven people will greatly facilitate the movement of freight and passengers between New England and the South as well as the lower Mississippi Valley.

The operation of through trains between St. Louis and Boston involving the use of the Hell Gate Bridge and the system of tunnels really means what co-operation and co-ordination between great railway systems may mean for the country. It is an interesting fact that this development of long-distance transportation between New England and St. Louis as well as the South and Southwest really makes New York City a way-station.

Not until these unbroken trains were scheduled and operated was New York anything but a true terminal having one at Forty-second street and the other half a mile away at Seventh avenue and Thirty-second street.

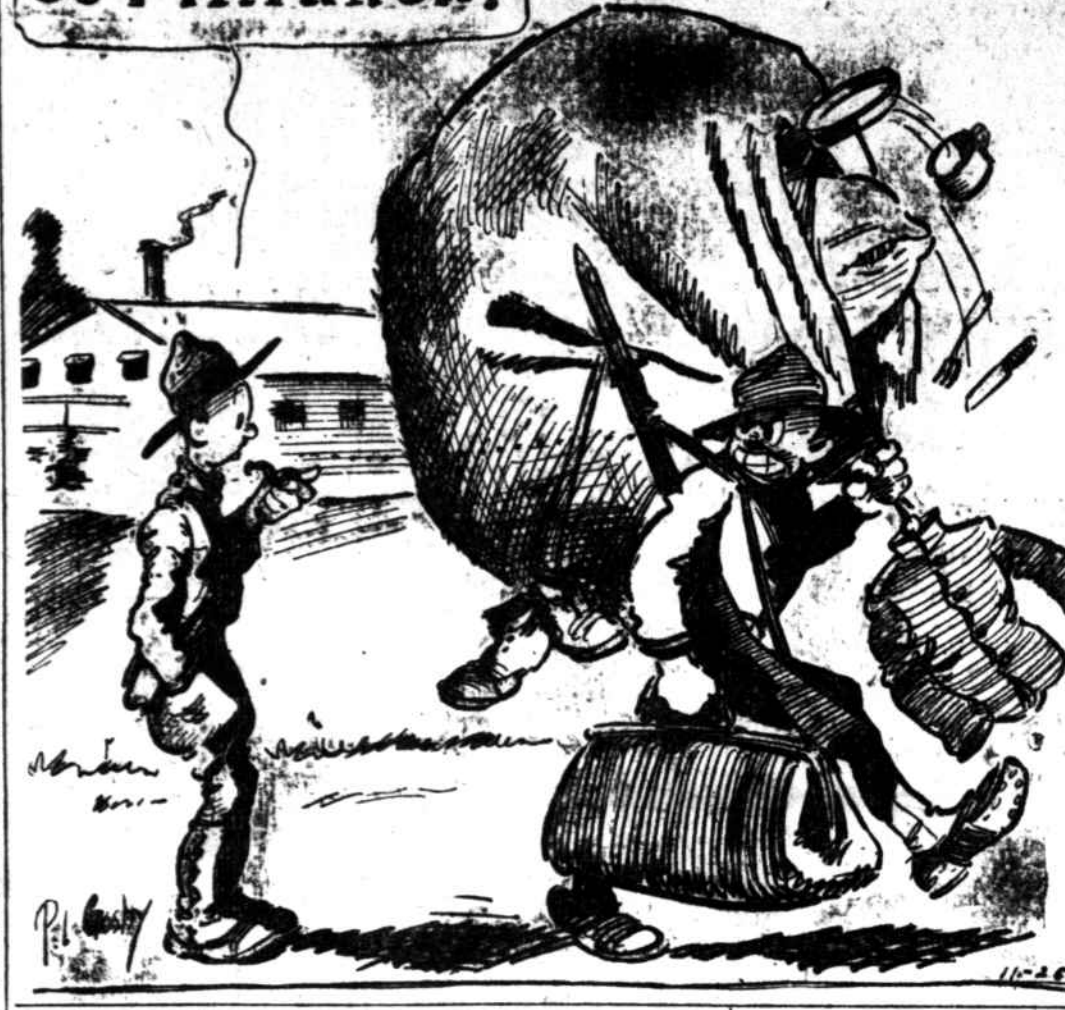
HOLLAND.

PLAN SALUTE FOR T. R.

Toronto, Nov. 25.—An artillery salute of fifteen guns will be fired for Theodore Roosevelt on his arrival in this city on Monday to speak in behalf of the Canadian Victory Loan. It will be received by a guard of honor and other demonstrations are being arranged to make his trip memorable.

That Rookie from the 13th Squad.

HAVE YE GOTTA MATCH?



The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MAEL HERBERT URMER.
Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Warren's Sneering Derision Spurs Helen to a Rash and Reckless Course.

"A swimming dinner!" ridiculed Warren. "What're we going to do? Eat in our bathing suits?"

"Of course not," resented Helen. "I'll have my hair swam first. Dinner isn't until eight."

"Is it a decent pool?"

"Wonderful—over sixty feet long! Mrs. Arnold took me down the day I called. It's the only apartment house in New York with a swimming pool."

Another block along the parkway, through the darkness ahead glowed the lighted facade. The door held open by a haughty, maroon-colored attendant, they crossed a marble, circular foyer to the elevators.

The Arnold's apartment on the sixth floor, with its profusion of pictures, tapestries, and candelabra lights, affected a studio atmosphere. Even Mrs. Arnold's velvet robe was of the semi-Grecian, artistic type.

Warren was ushered into Mr. Arnold's dressing room, and Helen followed Mrs. Arnold into her rose-satin room, where two bathing suits were laid out on the lace-covered bed.

"That's the smallest. If it's too big, you can pin up the shoulders. Here're some caps. Those skull caps are ugly—but they keep the hair dry. Or, if you undress up here, how do we get down to the pool?" asked Helen.

"Oh, we go down the service elevator. I'll give you a longcoat."

A few minutes later Helen emerged from the bathroom, feeling painfully conspicuous in the one-piece, black jersey suit. The skull cap proved too trying and she chose a more becoming one, dark red with a softening fringe.

"My slipper's but a mile too big for you—but maybe you can keep them on," Mrs. Arnold was adjusting a tight black cap over her wavy blonde hair. "Do you want those water wings? If you can't swim they're really a help."

A couple of linen dusters completing their outfit, they joined Warren and Mr. Arnold in the library.

The men, their abbreviated bathing suits only partly concealed by loosely belted bath robes, presented rather startling figures as they sat smoking, their bare legs crossed and their feet thrust into heelless slippers.

A laughing, grotesque crowd, they waited in the hall for the elevator.

In the basement Mr. Arnold led the Helen and Warren to the swimming pool, and through a narrow corridor which opened into the huge, white-tiled room.

"Jove, this is great!" commended Warren, surveying the deep sunken pool.

"Yes, isn't it?" glowed Mrs. Arnold. "I come down every day."

"The water's lovely and clear," Helen walked along the marble ledge, peered down into the blue-green depths.

Mr. Arnold, stout and flabby, climbed down the side. He swam the length of the pool and back to the marble stood on the ledge with folded arms.

"Come on in, Curtis. None of us can swim well," mistaking Warren's hesitation.

"I was just watching the overflow. That's a clever stunt."

Throwing off his bathrobe, he ran out on the diving board at the deeper end. A swift plunge, a showering splash, and the water closed over him when he reappeared he was half way down the pool. With a glow of pride Helen watched his strong, easy stroke.

"He does swim well," admitted Mrs. Arnold, for the comparison with her husband's rather clumsy efforts was unavoidable. "Will doesn't come through exercise—he gets out of breath. Come, shall we go in?"

"Oh, I can't swim at all," demurred Helen. "I told you that. You go on—I'll just paddle along at the shallow end."

Though Mrs. Arnold could swim better than her husband, she was no match for Warren's athletic prowess.

"What're you loafing up there for?" he called to Helen.

"Here, that's no way to get in," with a swift overhead stroke Warren was making toward her.

"Oh, dear, don't touch me!" Helen, startled, pleaded, with one arm she plucked off her clinging black

the linen coat about her. "As a mermaid you're not a howling success. Come on now, you'll catch cold."

As they hurried out through the long corridor, Helen, shuffling dilly along, lost one of the too large slippers.

Steadying her with his encircling arm, Warren slipped it on.

"Feel dirty, kitten?" Then as he pressed her wet head against his bath-robed shoulder, "Come pretty near being a drowned kitten. Now you'll not try any more stunts like that."

"What're you two up to?" called back Mrs. Arnold. "Spooning in the dark?"

"Why the dark?" defiantly, as now in the wider, lighted hall Warren held her close. "I suppose it is rather scandalous to flirt with your own wife—but we're too brazen to care! Eh, kitten?"

"Well, right here's the place to learn. Now kick! Kick! Keep your chin down, your mouth shut—and your legs up! Keep your arms under the water, and cup your hands—like this."

Anaëln Helen floundered across the shallow end, her mouth open, her chin up and her legs dragging impotently.

"Jove, you go over like a rhinoceros! Here, take off those wings. You'll never learn with those things."

"Oh, I couldn't do a thing without them."

But Warren, ruthlessly jerking off the inflated wings, flung them on the ledge. Then, taking a firm grip on the back of her bathing suit, he dragged her away from the protecting rail to the deeper water.

"Now strike out—I'll hold you. Not so fast! Keep your mouth SHUT!"

Sprawling with frantic, futile strokes Helen lunged across the pool, a pathetic, writhing figure, held up by Warren's grip.

"Now again," inexorably, when spluttering she reached the side rail, "Strike out! Strike out! Strike out!"

"Oh, I can't—I won't! I hate it!" But relentless, with a fresh grip, he started her across again. Despite her pleading resistance, he put her through a tortuous fifteen minutes, not releasing her until she was reduced to tears.

"Thought I could teach anyone to swim—but you're the limit," disgusted, as he left her clinging to the side rail, "Can't even keep your mouth shut!"

"Oh, I'll never—never go in with you again!" Helen was almost weeping.

"Don't worry. I'm not keen on it. If you could see yourself floundering around—spluttering like a hippopotamus—as she swept off with easy strokes."

Mrs. Arnold had left the pool and was now rolling over and over on the white tiled floor—a favorite reducing exercise.

"You don't have to roll," appraising Helen's slim, dripping figure.

"No, but I'm a perfect cow in the water. It was brutal of Warren to let me drag me across—I'll never learn that swimming!"

"Oh, you'll be all right—you just need confidence. You could swim now if you only thought you could. Sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two," as she rolled on the tiled floor.

Still smarting under Warren's laughing comments, with rankling humiliation, Helen watched him swimming lazily at the deeper end.

How easy it seemed! She tried too hard—and took her strokes too fast. Watching him now it looked absurdly simple. If only she could prove to herself that she could swim—if she could get across once! "You just need confidence! You could swim now if you only thought you could," the words spurred her to a sudden, reckless impulse.

Mrs. Arnold now absorbed in a rhythmic bending exercise, and Warren and Mr. Arnold diving at the other end, Helen climbed down unobserved.

"There was nothing to fear," she told herself, stealing her courage. Of course she could swim. She would strike right out. She would go slowly and NOT be afraid. All she needed was confidence. A brave heart! She thrust her head in, and the water closed over her.

Her heart in her throat, she thrust herself on the water. Slow! Slow! But as she felt the water closing over her, her first slow stroke was followed by a quick speed. She floundered wildly—but could not touch the bottom. A horrible buzzing as the water filled her ears and swept over her head.

Then a blurred oblivion!

The rest was like a dream. She was only half conscious of the reviving air, and Warren's strong arms as he lifted her out and climbed with her up to the pool.

She was lying on the tiled floor. They were all bending over her. "All right now!" Warren's face was curiously tense.

With a strangled cough she sat up. Her ears roared and her throat seemed in a choking band. Her cap off, her wet hair hung about her shoulders.

"What in blazes were you trying to do?" his voice betraying his anxiety as he helped her to her feet.

"I was trying to swim," with a hysterical laugh, the humor of the situation forcing itself upon her.

"Mrs. Arnold said I needed confidence." "Well, you confidence didn't take you very far," Warren was wrapping

the linen coat about her. "As a mermaid you're not a howling success. Come on now, you'll catch cold."

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